

Evening Ledger

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Hard work, inspired by devotion to principle, will win in the long run, but it does not get its pay every Saturday night.

Port of the Future

THE port of Boston may or may not lead the port of Philadelphia. Let the statisticians debate that question. It is true nevertheless that the New Englanders have accomplished more with fewer natural advantages than we have.

But the important thing for us to consider is: What are this city and State doing to enable this port to achieve its proper greatness at the close of the European war? All New England is now making a scientific study of the possibilities of trade with South America. Boston, in particular, is running a school for manufacturers to acquaint them with the commercial openings in South America and the need of immediate action.

Can Philadelphia afford to do less? Not only this port, but every port along the Atlantic seaboard now has the opportunity of a lifetime. Prior to the war there may have been some reason to despair of competing successfully with English and German commerce. But the complete paralysis of German commerce and the partial stoppage of English trade have caused South America to look to the United States. Our merchants have read and discussed a lot of reports on South American trade and how to develop our commerce with its countries. But what we need now is action, or before we know it the war will be ended and all Europe going after South American trade with redoubled zeal. The United States should remember that the only way to get South American trade is to go after it with sustained vigor and intelligence.

Then the greatest port on the Atlantic seaboard will be that whose manufacturers show the most comprehensive understanding of the commercial possibilities not only of South America, but of other countries as well. That and that alone will determine whether Philadelphia or Boston is to lead.

September Momentous in the Balkans

UNTIL the Greek Parliament meets in September and Venizelos takes the helm definite developments in the Balkans need not be looked for. Turkey may give up railroads and cede small bits of territory to Bulgaria, but the question of how Bulgaria ultimately lines up will wait on the action of the war party of Greece. That action can be no more questioned than the rapidity with which Rumania and Greece will plunge into war on the side of the Allies as soon as Bulgaria is satisfied.

The Great War—so far as its immediate occasion goes—is the product of injustice south of the Danube. Misery and suffering, racial and individual, were seen there that peace might prevail in upper Europe. It has not prevailed, and now the resultant conflict seems likely to redress even such minor wrongs as the despoliation of Bulgaria after the second Balkan war.

According to the newest dispatches Serbia is ready to cede its claims in Macedonia to Bulgaria. Though the present government in Greece stands firm against giving up the district about Kavala as her share of what should be Bulgaria's, the present government no more represents the Greek people than did the action of King Constantine in forcing out Venizelos on the same issue. The Greek voter has given his answer at the polls. It will remake Balkan alignments in the course of September.

Second Thought of the Progressives

THE New York Herald's political canvass of the country is interesting, but its disclosures are not new. It has long been evident that the Progressives are returning to their old allegiance, and that the party will have little influence as an independent organization next year. The New York Sun diagnosed the situation correctly when it said that the way to induce a Bull Moose to respond to your call is to make a noise like an elephant.

If the Republican leaders act with the smallest degree of discretion they can heal the breach in the party and present a united front. The Progressives are anxious to act with their old friends. Many of them have formally renounced their heresies of 1912 and are finding congenial surroundings among their old political associates. Their heads are level, even if their hearts did lead them astray, and now that they have had time to reflect upon the result of their impulsive action they are ready to take a sober second thought and do whatever seems best to rescue the country from the dangerous misrule of the Democracy. They must be welcomed with open arms as men more sinned against than sinning.

Mineral Waters and Munitions

THE general plan of the German High Command has now become clear even to amateur strategists. The blow at Russia is not to stagger but to destroy. Warsaw is to be taken. The Iron Sea is to be lodged deep in the banks of the Dnieper. Whether the Grand Duke can still escape, whether he can hold out from north and south, is a matter of detail, but the German supply of munitions has been cut, and the German supply of mineral

water has held out. There is the explanation of Germany's victory. The men receive three warm meals daily. Millions of bottles of mineral water are distributed among the men. So runs a German account. And it is not surprising that this army, which can build 50 miles of asphalt roads in two days, has accomplished the master coup. Fresh meat is brought to it daily from Berlin; the very bread the soldiers eat is baked in Germany. Mobility is the key word of Germany's success, and it applies to food as well as to armies. General von Buelow is right in saying that comparisons with Napoleon's Russian campaign are irrelevant. Napoleon at Waterloo was actually farther from home than Von Linsingen at Warsaw. The Russian army, folding in on itself, gains nothing by a hundred years of inactivity. Germany, pushing forward, gains everything in its contact with home. It gains mobility, it gains munitions, and apparently it gains mineral water. It will not be denied.

National Defense Cannot Be Improved

IF THE United States should ever be drawn into a great war—which God forbid—there would be a general and instantaneous response to the call for volunteers. Americans are patriotic and they would not hesitate to fight for their country. But the will to fight does not make a soldier. It did not make soldiers of the brave young Englishmen who went to the trenches in France to meet the German attack. Those young men were sacrificed because of lack of training. As General Leonard Wood remarked to a company of Philadelphians at the Raquet Club a few weeks ago, they did not have a sporting chance. They were unevenly matched against trained men, and the result was what was to be expected. National defense cannot be improved. Every military man knows this. Lord Roberts knew it years ago, when he called on his countrymen to train themselves for possible emergencies. Leonard Wood knows it. Secretary Garrison is not ignorant of it. And every one in the United States, save the immitigable pacifists, is aware of it.

The training camp at Plattsburg, now filled with business and professional men studying the art of life in the open and the rudiments of military science, is the result of the increasing appreciation of this fundamental fact. The response to the call for volunteers to prepare for war that peace may be preserved has been so general that there is good reason to hope that national indifference will soon come to an end, and that the cry of "militarism" will be uttered only by the unthinking or the purblind sentimentalist. An increasing number of substantial citizens are determined that if war should come our young men shall have more than a sporting chance for life in any combat with a trained enemy.

Peace for a Change

OPERA BOUFFE has been the word for revolution in the little republic of the tropic zone. But it does faint justice to the latest development in Haiti. Stirred by the American occupation, Mr. Solon Menos-note will that "front" name—Haitian Minister at Washington, up and demands that Uncle Sam guarantee the freedom of his country. It might strike the casual observer that if any one were in a position to demand guarantees, it is the nation which has to spend time and money pacifying political bandits. Haiti might try guaranteeing the United States a little peace on its precious island.

Abridging Inalienable Rights

WHO ever imagined that "a elephant" had a stomach? Who ever believed that the innumerable peanuts of innumerable little boys and girls could affect such a stomach if there were one to be affected? Who ever fancied that the time would come when science, more stern than war, more fanatic than superstition, would step in and say "No" to peanuts?

The unalterable "Nix" has been spoken at the Fairmount Park Zoo. The chief veterinarian has spoken it and explained that indigestion has become chronic among the animals. So there are to be no more peanuts. W. S. Gilbert, of the well-known word-and-music team of Gilbert and Sullivan, once commented on the wisdom of nature, who was cunning enough to "conceive that every little boy or girl who comes into this world alive is either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative." In early youth the Liberal strain predominates, and it is that strain which suggests the following as a solution of the peanut problem: "Maybe the elephants got the bellyache because nobody didn't give 'em peanuts enough!"

A Work of Supererogation

THOSE experimenters at the Schuykill Arsenal who are trying to devise a uniform which will make the United States army invisible could be employed at a more profitable occupation. The army is too nearly invisible already. What the country needs is some device which will make the army big enough to be seen with the naked eye.

Noah acquitted on drunkenness charge, but held for fruit lifting.

In spite of the fitney's fate, the pickle will not go out of circulation.

Governor Walsh, of Massachusetts, passes his plate for a third help of beans.

"Southern farmers to advertise products." Hasn't the war done enough of that?

After the war is over we might use those 15,000 motor ambulances as trailers to our speediest maniac cabs.

Mr. Hay, of Virginia, should be chairman of the Anti-military Committee. He is the right man in the wrong place.

United States marines seize Haitian customs. They will ultimately return all but the three buttons and the plugged nickel.

Now that the American note has been added to the Concert of Powers it is rather surprising that the Chair should, as the headlines has it, "spurn overtures."

The German culture that played a big part in developing America got away from Germany long before Bismarck started the present variety.

THE GENTLE PASTIME OF TONGUE-TWISTING

Its Virtues Are Only to Be Known by Giving It a Fair Trial—He Who Doesn't Hesitate Is Lost—"Sister Susie's" Sibillant Ancestors.

By ROBERT HILDRETH

ONE of the delights—and one of the drawbacks—of story telling is that your auditor, or victim, as the case may be, is pretty sure to tell another. And, on similar principles, it is with considerable tenderness, as the orators often begin by saying, that I venture upon the present subject—the gentle art of tongue twisting. For I feel very sure that any one of my readers can come back at me with more testable examples than those which I am myself able to quote. However that may be, I am reconciled to the probability by the reflection that contributions to the subject from whatever source must have the effect of adding to the gaiety of a war-irritated public.

Among the simplest of tongue twisters is one which, as I remember it, was imposed on the comedian of "The Sunshine Girl," who got away with it with flying colors. I saw nothing difficult in the test until I attempted to show my companion how easy it was, and then I commented inwardly but truculently on the faulty enunciation with which so many of us are cursed. The comedian's line ran as follows: "She stood at the gate welcoming him in." Reads all right, of course, but say it aloud several times as rapidly as possible. Not nearly so unlucky for the unwary as that ancient stumbling block, "The sea ceaseth, and it suffeth us."

Try This on Your Vocal Cords

Many of the commoner tongue twisters have been introduced or popularized through the medium of comic opera. Take the recent instance from "Dancing Around." That little ditty about Sister Susie surely did sing its way into a terrible muddle:

Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers. Such skill at sewing shirts our sly young sister Susie shows. The soldiers send epistles. Say they'd rather sleep in thistles. Than the saucy soft shirt for soldiers Sister Susie sews.

The tongue-twisting type of song attained a great vogue in musical comedy about half a dozen years ago, when "She sells sea shells on the seashore" was all the rage. A little later came "Which switch is the switch, miss, for Ipswich?" Jack Norworth, the American comedian, who has lately taken the shirt song to London, sang in the British music halls:

Which switch is the switch, miss, for Ipswich? It's the Ipswich switch which I require. Which switch switches Ipswich with this switch? You've switched my switch on the wrong wire; You've switched me on Norwich, not Ipswich. So, now, to prevent further hitch, If you'll tell me which switch is Norwich and which switch is Ipswich, I'll know s'which is s'which.

The origin of not a few tongue twisters must be sought in antiquity, like that favorite one of everybody's youth: Peter Piper picked a peck of prickly pickled peppers. If Peter Piper picked a peck of prickly pickled peppers, Where's the peck of prickly pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

If this is alliteration, make the most of it! But very likely I have misquoted the ancient classic, and if anybody can set me right I shall be very much obliged.

The Three Tiny Tree Toads

There also is a pleasant story about how "Three tiny tree toads tried to trot to Troy," but all I remember of it is the first line. It's "vers libre," of a sort, like the Peter Piper poem, but that's nothing, for F. P. A. has demonstrated that the weather report can be turned into free verse.

Some of the tongue twisters are especially adapted to serve as tests of ebriety. Curious fact, by the way, about that word "ebriety." Thought it was anonymous to "inebriety." After all, neither word is the one I wanted. Degree of intoxication, however, may be fairly well determined by gauging the subject with some such tongue twister as "He started straight up State street," until he indignantly accepts your challenge and says—never mind, but even a sober man might fall down on a task, no harder than saying "Shave a cedar shingle thin" several times in rapid succession.

Try another. Try "Toy boats, toy boats, toy boats, toy boats, toy boats," and keep it up till you see what happens. If that's too easy learn this by heart: "I say, John, people say you say 'I say' to everything I do say, I say, John; but even if I do say 'I say' to everything I do say, I say, John, it's no reason for you to say 'I say' 'I say' to everything I do say, I say, John."

On the same order is the story of Esau: "Esau sawed wood. Esau Wood would saw wood. All the wood Esau Wood would saw. Esau Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esau saw to saw. Esau sought to saw. All the wood would saw wood. And, oh! the wood-saw with which Wood would saw wood. But one day Wood's wood-saw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw. If Wood's wood-saw would saw wood, Now, Wood would saw wood with the wood-saw that would saw wood. So Esau sought a saw that would saw wood; and one day Esau saw a saw saw wood as no other saw would saw wood. In fact, of all the wood-saws Wood ever saw saw wood, Wood never saw a wood-saw that would saw wood as that wood-saw Wood saw saw wood; and so I saw Esau Wood saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood."

The Duel of Shot and Not

Once there was a duel between two men named Shot and Not. Not that there ever were two men named Shot and Not, but the duel is described thus: "Shot shot the first shot, and the shot Shot shot not Not, and the shot Not shot not Shot, so Shot shot again, and again the shot Shot shot not Not, but the shot Not shot not Shot, so Not was not withstanding."

But here's a rhyming tongue-twister: Betty Better bought some butter. But she said, "This butter's better; If I put it in my batter, It will make my batter better. But a bit of better butter Would be made by better batter." So she bought a bit of butter. Better than the better butter; So "batter better" Betty Better Bought a bit of better butter.

May the gentle pastime of tongue-twisting return to popularity. It's good exercise and thus combines profit with pleasure.

SPEAKING THE PUBLIC MIND

Varied Views of Readers on Topics of Timely Interest—Opinions on the Outlook in National Politics—Further Comment on the Delights of the "Forbidden Road."



ordains. Surely He intends some great feat to follow this mighty convulsion, which is mortal could make and no mortal could stay.

"Your people—the Friends—have had, and we are having, a great trial. On principle, our faith, opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma some have chosen the horn and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds, I have done and shall do the best I could and can, my own conscience under my oath to the Lord. You believe this I doubt not, and believing it I shall still receive for our country and my own earnest prayers to our Father in Heaven."—The Churchman.

THE LAY OF FRIED CHICKEN

A Delectable Distinction, in Which Indiana Claims to Lead the Whole World.

The first day of September has been set aside as "Fried Chicken Day" in Missouri, and in every town where there is an organization affiliated with the State Poultry Association, day picnics with fried chicken as the chief dish will be in order.

It is no more than right to do honor to a feast that adds much to the prosperity of the State, though whether the bird enjoys being slaughtered for the sake of celebrating itself is a question; but Indiana, where also poultry is a great and profitable crop, does not need a special day for showing its appreciation of chicken by eating it. In Indiana any and every day when the s. c. of I. permits indulgence in the luxury is fried chicken day, but Sunday is especially sacred to the delectable dish.

Fried chicken at its best, fried chicken as it can be and should be, is known only in the Middle West with South, and nowhere has the art of frying it been so well mastered as in Indiana. New England has fried chicken, another chicken, baked chicken, but to fry chicken in its perfection it is a stranger. The cold storage chicken, to which Eastern gourmets are condemned does not possess frying qualities. Fried chicken is the reliance and the comfort of the country housewife in emergency. A fat pullet is beheaded, its feathers removed, its body dismembered and the pieces placed in the frying pan before the unexpected guest has time to think of dinner. In an hour or less from the time that unsuspecting pullet was pursuing the elusive bug it is served smoking hot upon the table with the "fixings"—cream gravy, hot biscuits and other toothsome delicacies, is fulfilling the highest purpose of its being, that of giving keen gratification to the Indiana appetite.

The fried chicken dinner is an institution in Indiana. Its fame has traveled far. It is served in its perfection on the private table, draws tourists from long distances to warrens and adds to the joy of living. It has much to do with Hoosier serenity of mind and health of body. Missouri may have its one chicken day, Indiana's celebration of the bird is continuous.—Terre Haute Star.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

President Wilson's aim is to teach the Mexicans the A B C of common-sense.—New York Evening Post.

If President Wilson's defense message equal some of his other productions in pitch and point, it ought to start things humming.—Chicago Herald.

No, the name of the gentleman who denounced the invisible government in New York State was Root, not Beveridge.—Kansas City Times.

Henry James has become a British subject, and the hope is expressed that he will hereafter write his books in the English language.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Strange that all the German-American societies in advising us to prepare for defense—Wall Street Journal.

America cannot rely any longer upon Europe to find markets for American goods, and she must carry the goods. America must find her own markets and do her own carrying.—Des Moines Register.

The West can gain some idea of the wildly radical character of the New York constitutional convention when it is told that Ellis Root is the leader of the progressive element.—New York World.

If our navy is strong enough to hold its own against the navy of any foreign foe, the Panama Canal is safe. Preparedness must consist itself in large part with Panama. The waterway presents one of the strongest arguments for a greater navy.—Chicago Evening Post.

THE POOL AT THE PLAYGROUND

There is a sylvan dell; a step away There is a pool of water in the park. The dell is filled with children at their play. The pool is still and undisturbed and dark. The vale is sunlit, under clear, blue skies. And far from slums where foul discords die, The pool is noticeable to human eyes. But 'neath its surface there is teeming life. The city knows its young must have a lake. That little children need a chance to play; There is a sunlit valley in the park; There is a quiet pool—a step away. Who is the mourner when a baby dies? Where thousands live, what is the life of one? The busy city has no time for sighs. The days are brief for what is to be done.—"GIP."

AMUSEMENTS

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE
GHEENST and TWELFTH STREETS
WHOLE GENE HODGKINS AND SHOW
Mlle. Desjardes
HITS!
Charles Howard & Co., "Cranberry" August 10, 11, 12, and All-Star

THE Stanley
MARKET ST. ABOVE 10th
ELsie JANIS
Symphony Orchestra and Soloists
NIXON'S GRAND
LA REINE MARIÉ & CO., 11th and 12th
LADY & SON, 12th and 13th
GLADIANE LEBLANC & SONS
CAVANA D.O. 12th and 13th
Trocadero
FOLLIES OF PLEASURE and Florio's

ATROCITIES AND ATROCITIES

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—I should like to call the attention of your intelligent readers, who are presumably close observers of the present European war, to a certain dark phase of it. While the searchlight of publicity has been turned on this war since before through those far-reaching instruments of modern civilization, wireless and telegraph, used by the most gifted brains of the present century, the war correspondents, yet by a mute understanding or, to be more blunt, a conspiracy, a veil of ghastly silence is drawn over the atrocities committed against a certain defenseless race, the scapgoat of humanity, compared to which the Belgian atrocities are a mere child's spanking to the tortures of modern civilization, wireless and telegraph, used by the most gifted brains of the present century, the war correspondents, yet by a mute understanding or, to be more blunt, a conspiracy, a veil of ghastly silence is drawn over the atrocities committed against a certain defenseless race, the scapgoat of humanity, compared to which the Belgian atrocities are a mere child's spanking to the tortures of modern civilization, wireless and telegraph, used by the most gifted brains 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